

The Evening World

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THE "POLITICAL SIDE."

The announcement that the Senate Committee will on Friday investigate "the political side" of the gas question is welcome to all who desire to see the probe go to the heart of this scandal. The issuance of subpoenas for Charles F. Murphy, his "Brother Jack," Alderman Gaffney and Commissioner Oakley is a beginning in the right place.

A searching inquiry, in Counsel Hughes's gimlet style, ought to bring out some interesting facts on these highly relevant matters:

What influences secured the city's approval of the Remsen grab bill and the Oakley lighting contract?

What connection, if any, was there between this approval and contract and the big construction job at Astoria awarded to the New York Trucking and Contracting Company?

Was there an understanding that Gov. Odell would sign the Remsen bill if the Mayor did?

How much did the Consolidated Gas Company or its officers or agents contribute to the Tammany campaign fund at the last municipal election?

The "political side" of the gas inquiry is the side that explains the why of the monopoly and the Wherefore of its power.

If the cable news from Amsterdam is true—and Dutch reliability is to its favor—the great sea fight is on between the Russian and Japanese fleets. It is a gambler's "last throw" for the Czar, and the odds are heavily against him.

TWO WAYS WITH A SURPLUS.

In England an anticipated surplus of \$15,000,000 in the Government's revenues is promptly followed by a reduction of the tax on tea.

In our enlightened country, under a nominal government "of the people, by the people, for the people," a surplus is met with larger appropriations. The idea of stopping an excess of revenue by a decrease of taxation is quite out of date with us. Even a deficit doesn't induce economy.

And yet there are persons who will maintain that the English way is both more democratic and more just.

The President's hunting goes better. Yesterday he caught a coyote and his scouts in Chicago apparently caught the Beef Trust.

OUTDOOR RECREATION ON SUNDAY.

Four baseball players arrested at a game on Sunday were promptly discharged. The Magistrate held that so long as no admission fee was collected the police had no right to interfere.

What is there about Sunday outdoor sports that believers in strict observance of the day find them so immoral? If proper respect is shown for the peace and quiet of others they should be encouraged. Healthful exercise benefits youth, morally as well as physically. Is it not better that boys should play ball on Sunday, for instance, than loaf on the streets, where there is always plenty of mischief for idle hands to do?

The British Chancellor of the Exchequer has just stated that outdoor recreations and cheap railway excursions have helped materially to reduce drinking in England. Which is the better school of morality—the baseball field or the Raines law "hotel?"

Another foolish married man, old enough to know better, has died in disgrace as the result of a "street flirtation." Why is it that some kinds of warnings never warn?

A THOROUGHbred COMPARISON.

According to John E. Madden, "the nearest thing to a young race horse is a high-strung lady." This comparison by the well-known Kentucky horseman was intended to be complimentary to both the horse and the lady. It was made in a suit for damages against the Long Island Railroad for a wreck which destroyed the nervous systems of a carload of thoroughbred horses.

A race horse has the "eternally feminine" characteristics, as many racegoers have learned to their sorrow. It goes when it pleases and it stops when it pleases. It has its days of amiability and its times of sulking, and no man can tell when either will come, or why.

Both "young race horses" and "high-strung ladies" are objects of beauty, and, it may be added, of expense, but both repay many times over the trouble they cause. It may be that their uncertainty is one of their charms.

Erasmus Hall High School girls are to play baseball. May they all make "home runs!"

The People's Corner.
Letters from Evening World Readers

A Marriage of Mated Minds.

To the Editor of the Evening World: Is not the Stars-Paces marriage a giant stepping stone to equality? Is this not the only way to solve our ever-absorbing problem of raising poverty-stricken humanity? There are many such factors for the finding, but the J. C. F. Stokess are as scarce as snags in the desert. M. F. N. Mc.

Educated Human Porters.

To the Editor of the Evening World: I have noticed that the men who expropriate the most in the cars are the ones who carry the biggest bundles of newspapers under their arms.

MARY L. VINCENT.

Fussled About the Horse.

To the Editor of the Evening World: A friend claims that man's superiority over a horse is to the horse's sight; that is, when a horse looks at a man the man looks as big as a house, and thereby his size conquers the horse. I say that eyes were put into our heads to see things as they are and not to magnify.

The Deadly Drug Habit.

To the Editor of the Evening World: The use of drugs generally starts in smoking opium until the victim is arrested for petty crime and in jail. Then good friends bring him a substitute for morphine. But when they are sentenced where they cannot get dose of any kind, what do they do? They get more morphine and a little more starts and thereby he also conquers the horse. I say that eyes were put into our heads to see things as they are and not to magnify.

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Said on the Side.

MORE mean remarks about woman by women. Lady's Pictorial now calls her "unpunctual," and applies the allegation to all the sex from cooks to girls in counting-rooms. Mrs. Craigie called her unfair the other day. Secretary of the Woman's Trade Union League accused her of lack of thrift. Mrs. Chapman Catt, Mrs. Perkins Gilman and others contributed their quota of flings. If the analysis of the sex by the sex proceeds much further question why men don't marry may become too obvious to require answer.

War in the National Arts Club said to be due to the exhibition of the statue of Aphrodite. Goddess continues to live up to her reputation for causing trouble.

New course of instruction at Harvard in settlement work. Marriage rate of college graduates now low, but wait till the returns are in from students who take this course.

Aldermen now experiencing that hold-up feeling themselves. Perhaps the Assembly will consent to give them a hearing.

Mrs. De Jarr—You forgot, sir, that you are married to a woman of education. I am mistress of many tongues.

Mr. De Jarr—But not of your own.—New York Weekly.

New York girl in Rome has given an "original and successful" pink tea in her stables "among horses, dogs, donkeys, monkeys and vics." Should have remained at home to enlighten a season not conspicuous for social novelties.

"Let the child alone," said the Rev. Marie St. Croix Wright to the City Mothers' Club. "Children set loose and whined and rounded into shape among other children. They set independence in this way, and that is really the experience of the world." Revolutionary doctrine, but much good sense in it.

Alleged in proof of the inferiority of the lowest Zanzibar play that it is "punctuated with one." Tastes change and the man is no longer what it was as a stage mirth provoker. Even profanity now fails to evoke that riot of applause which a single d— once called forth. Dramatics of the long ago sometimes relied successfully on a rapid fire of puns to lend levity to a situation, but they have been relegated to the kindergarten drama and the musical comedy.

Spokane of runs, Charles Lamb, in his letters, says: "I remember but one Pun in all the life, which was made by our master. Thou art Peter (that is Doctor Rock), and upon this rock will I build. &c., which sanctifies Punning with me against all gainsayers."

Mrs. Brickrow—No, she has only rented a quiet room here, to work in. She is writing a book on "How to Bring Up Children."

"Why doesn't she write at home?"

"Too noisy. She has children."—New York Weekly.

Prevalence of Saturday night crime, according to the President of Oberlin College, is due to the fact that in times of mental fatigue the highest brain centres are the first to give way, and a man fatigued at the end of the week is less able to withstand temptation. Logical result of the arrival of the constraints of fatigue and idleness now on their way should be to give the police a night off on Saturday.

Duke who has got a new job as a railroad employee may rise to be a railway king and learn the real hollowness of inherited rank.

Noticed that Miss Roosevelt's purchase of a race horse was made during a Presidential race.

Chicago doctor says he has observed in his practice among children that the largest number of fatal cases of illness occur with those who "use soap and are over-particular about bathing." Trouble with the present generation, says the doctor, is that "it keeps too clean and doesn't eat its pick of dirt." Says that the benefit of a vacation is that people "eat sand and dirt," and recommends unwashed fruits and vegetables as hygienically the best. The man who pays for a diagnosis now, always seems able to get any variety he wants.

If with assistance ice were all
As free as with advice
The world would be quite different;
And wouldn't it be nice?

—Philadelphia Record.

Writing in the Nineteenth Century on the English stage, Miss Gertrude Kingston says: "A well-known French actress said to me last year: 'I do not understand your English public. I go to the theatre and see only plays fit for children, not grown-up people. But what are your men and women made of? Have they no emotions, no passions? Do they feel nothing of hate or love, of fear or tenderness, of jealousy or rage?' The English drama, as Mrs. Kendal said, is still largely adapted for children, not grown-up people. And the occasional Person, and judging from the occasional words to the rule it is probably better for her parents that it is."

"In the dear old days," says the Tattler, "many of the pleasures of our English homes were quite harmless. They served as an ugly stand for uglier photographs and for plants in pots, but their lamentable voice was never heard except on the day when the tuner came. They were a kind of guarantee of gentility and refinement, and no more. That's all over now. You don't play a piano with your hands any longer. You ride it with your feet like a bicycle."

"Flucky 'summer' girls capture negro thief." "Woman's feat of climbing over cooping to free-escape thrills crowd," amid cheers. "Woman inspector gets evidence against padrones." "Woman prevents burglary." "Woman plans crusade to reform the Tenderloin." All most as much news space for the daily doings of the sex as for men's deeds.

"Fire drill empties school in four minutes." This must be demonstration No. 10 or 12 of the admirable self-control in which school children have been disciplined to hold themselves in moments of danger. It is in a striking contrast to the equal number of foolish panics among their elders in theatres and assembly-rooms during the same length of time. All the more reason why the charges of neglect in keeping school-house fire appliances in serviceable condition should be investigated.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

Where can a young man take up a course of public speaking free of charge or at a very small cost during the summer? I wish to be in readiness for the fall campaign. I have a fair knowledge of oratory, but wish to reach that self-confidence which is most essential in any speaker.

W. M. O'BRIEN.

"A Necessary Amputation."

By J. Campbell Cory.



Women Gamblers.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith



HOW many women in New York are professional gamblers, playing the races for a living or depending on an occasional "tip" to bridge them over financial crises only too frequent in their lives? In a vast, non-housekeeping experience in New York, I have known many and varied landladies, but never one who did not spend the greater part of Saturday afternoon in a pool-room or at the track, generally losing heavily and coming back to New York to weep upon their lodgers' shoulders and beg for just a little more money in advance. One of these, a Southern woman, was so completely in the grip of the racing mania, which likewise possessed her colored cook, that, regardless of caste, the two would hire them to the track together, the one betting away her rent money, the other her wages, if she had been successful in collecting them.

There is no obsession more fatal to a woman than that of gambling. Even drink will not bring her any lower. Indeed, if a woman gambles she is sure to drink to excess eventually, if only to drown her losses.

Yet women never have the true gambling instinct. They play to win, and in their minds no loss is ever free from the suspicion of swindling. The real gambler—as all readers of Bret Harte and lovers of Jack Hamlin and Mr. John Oakhurst know—is absolutely imperturbable. He wins or loses with the same unflinching ease. And whether he has won a king's ransom or a 20 to 1 shot or lost his last dollar on the favorite his inscrutable countenance does not reveal.

Now, there is no woman, even among the deaf and dumb, who could suppress sufficiently her emotions as to be a Jack Hamlin in petticoats. And since she cannot be an artistic gambler, why strive to be one at all?

There is no money in it. I never knew a woman who made money on the races, though even when they are weeping a petition on your shoulders they will tell you of more fortunate friends who average from \$5 to \$20 a day on judicious tips.

The fact that women prefer the happy system of picking a winner to any other is not an argument against their gambling, for it is just as apt to win in the long run as the most scientific method.

But they can't lose gracefully, and that should be their first lesson.

She Picked a Winner.



Miss Wall, if that gal of ours didn't go to marry one of them tony city fellows that takes her to so many races! She says he is a bookmaker.

Mandy—When they come up here we'll have him make some of them books for us.

Up-to-Date Precocity.



"When I'm grown up, I'm goin' to be a bank president. What you goin' to be?"

"I'm goin' to be a Mrs. Chadwick."

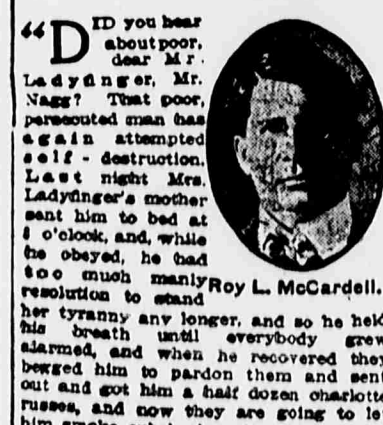
A Damaged Organ.



Willie—Say, sis, didn't he say his heart was all gone? Well, he's got a terrible case of heart disease.

Mrs. Nagg and Mr.

By Roy L. McCardell.



"ID you hear about poor Mr. Nagg? That poor, persecuted man has again attempted self-destruction. Last night Mrs. Nagg's mother sent him to bed at 1 o'clock, and, while he obeyed, he had too much manly Roy L. McCardell, resolution to stand her tyranny any longer, and so he held her breath until everybody grew alarmed, and when he recovered they bowed him to pardon them and sent out and got him a half dozen chocolate rusks, and now they are going to let him smoke Cuban cigarettes in the parlor."

"You should be thankful, Mr. Nagg, that you have no mother-in-law to make your life miserable for you, like poor Mr. Ladfinger has."

"It is true that my mamma does not think you treat me right, yet she has never attempted to interfere with you except such times as when she is visiting us and tells you, for your own good, that you are a brute and a wretch, and advises me not to put up with you."

"Mamma's very words were when you asked her consent to our marriage: 'Well, I think my daughter could have done much better. You are not good enough for her, but she is willing to take the risk I wash my hands of the affair. But remember I have always warned her!'"

"And so poor mamma did. I might have married one of the wealthiest real estate men in Dorrough Park, but when he saw you calling at the house he only confined himself to trying to sell you that house with the damp cellar he owned on Juniper street that had the bad plumbing and so many people who lived there had typhoid."

"Poor Mr. Grubber, how he loved me! Even after he knew I was your affianced bride he still called under pretense of wanting to sell us that house."

"Mamma always said she loved me so that he was in hopes we would take the house, as you looked delicate, and then if anything happened to you he could come and comfort me if I was a widow, because real estate men are so partial to widows, and anyway black is very becoming to me."

"This is the third time poor Mr. Ladfinger has been tempted to commit suicide. He would do it with a pistol, only he can't stand the sight of the horrid thing, and, as for cutting himself, he always faints at the sight of blood."

"My poor dear papa was more courageous. Several times he held a pistol to his brain threatening to destroy himself unless mamma gave him what more she had in the house to pay the bills."

"He only did that because he had contracted some debts of honor and he was too proud to owe any one a cent."

"One time he held the revolver against his head for four hours when mamma was obstinate, and he would have pulled the trigger only the small of gunpowder fumes gave him a headache, and it was for that reason he left the war in the beginning, and, anyway, he did not like the way President Lincoln was running the war, while as for the rebels, they were brutal to everybody."

"Of course, you have a fond and foolish wife, who is silly enough to give in to you in everything, and so you have no worries; but if you had a wife like some men have you would know the difference, Mr. Nagg!"

The "Fudge" Idiotorial

The Great Auk's Skin.

(Copyright, 1905, Planet Pub. Co.)

The skin of a great auk sold in London the other day for \$2,000 and an egg for \$1,000. This is a HIGH PRICE for birds without bottles. The reason is that the great auk has been exterminated.

The careless people who exterminated the bird did not think it VALUABLE. They were unable to LOOK AHEAD.

People who give away public streets and public privileges are in the SAME CLASS as the auk killers. They do not look ahead and for that reason their affairs RUN BEHIND.

A bird ought to be worth MORE than its skin. A well-regulated bird should lay eggs MOST of the time. Public property should pay profits to the public and NOT to Anthony N. Brady!

We are just finding out what an enormous little microbe a KILOWATT is when it gets loose in our midst. Mr. Brady found it out FIRST and hitched it on to your pocket.

Let us quit being AUK-KILLERS and go to RAISING EGGS for ourselves!